If You Test Me, You Will Fail

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Summary: After Hiccup is kidnapped by a Night Fury, Stoick is left devastated by grief. Will Hiccup ever return to Berk and become the man who his father wanted him to be? T for now.

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PROLOGUE

THE COLD WINDS OF CHANGE

**If you really want to get this off to a good start, watch the first few minutes of the first HTTYD film, up until the point where Hiccup has set up his bola launcher (00:06:00 by my reckoning!).
**

Commence reading!

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><p>IF YOU TEST ME. YOU WILL FAIL

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><p>"Come on, give me something to shoot at give me something to shoot at." Hiccup muttered to himself. His bola launcher had set up perfectly this time, no accidentally being fired at a stray viking on this occasion.<p>

The battlefield had gone quiet, as if the rest of the island had hinged itself on the outcome of the next few moments.

Hiccup noticed the outline of the elusive Night Fury against the starlit night sky, able to track it by the way it was blocking out

the stars.

It's battle screech was intensifying now, he only had a couple of seconds to make this shot count. One perfectly aimed shot, that was all he needed and everything he could ever wish for would be his.

Hiccup held his breath, waiting for the next attack to light up the island. As the dragon's fireball went to destroy another catapult, Hiccup saw his chance and fired.

Hiccup was flung back by the force of the shot. He quickly jumped to his feet and scanned for the dragon. However, the gods appeared to have other plans for Hiccup that night - he had missed.

"Urgh the gods hate meâ€¦" Hiccup complained to nobody in particular. It's not like he was particularly surprised, he was the village failure after all.

Hiccup's launcher packed away as quickly as it had deployed. There would be no more attacks from the Night Fury now as the raid was drawing to a close.

Just as Hiccup turned back in the direction of Gobber's forge, a Monstrous Nightmare decided to pop it's head over the cliff face. Hiccup hears its low rumbling and looks over his shoulder; "Oh noâ€¦not now pleaseâ€¦"

He started sprinting down to the village centre (if you could call it sprinting, really as fast as his slight frame could carry him), hoping that there would be a viking or two who could deal with the dragon who was snapping at his heels. He had what was in essence, an oversized wheelbarrow with him this time so he couldn't just pull his usual stunt when running from dragons and hide behind a flame stack this time. It had taken too long to get a launcher working and he did not want to loose it.

He was reminded what was behind him when a painfully hot breath of air hit him on the neck. He took a sharp corner into the main square, and there were no less than a dozen vikings there dealing with some caught Gronckles. Some of them turned their heads to the source of the noise and 3 of them were dispatched to deal with the new threat.

Hiccup took another sharp turn into the forge - just missing the spiked maws of the pursuing Nightmare. Disaster averted.

After parking the launcher back in the corner of the forge, Hiccup leans up against a wall and falls to the ground, dead tired and scared out of his wits.

Maybe dragon fighting wasn't something he was cut out for.

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><p>Hey peeps! Bit of a shorter chapter but it's only the

prologueâ€¦I think this is a risk to make as I'm TERRIBLE at third person views and thus have no idea how it will turn out. Lets find out!

Also, I will only update this when I've finished my other HTTYD fic (Learn To Trust Yourself), the idea being I can stockpile chapters for this one so that when my exams come around I can just spit out chapters and not have to write them as they're already done. Yes I am teasing you all with this singular chapter. Problem?

See you in a few months :)

End
file.